

THE LOVERS' CORNER.

First Aid to Wounded Hearts.

Experienced in Love.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: When only sixteen years of age I met a gentleman whom I thought I loved dearly. I found out my mistake later on, and forgot about him entirely. At the age of nineteen I met a young man and kept company with him for two years. At the end of that time he proved himself false. So we parted. Six months ago I met a gentleman who thinks a good deal of me, but being of a different religion I can never marry him. I like him very much, and, having had a lot of experience, I can judge a good man when I meet him. Do you think I did wrong in keeping company so young, and what would you advise me to do now?

CONSTANT. The experience you have gained through your early love affairs should have made you wise enough to decide for yourself when later ones demand your sober judgment.

I do not think there is any harm in an innocent boy and girl affection. It is a natural process in the heart's development. Usually it passes away as gradually and as safely as any other sort of "juvenile mania." While it lasts it should bring pleasant companionship and many opportunities for learning life's beautiful lesson of self-sacrifice for the sake of a loved one. In your case I can see no harm in your youthful love affairs, provided you have not allowed them to fritter away your capacity for judging between sham and real sentiment. Since you have twice escaped unscathed from love's fire and declare yourself experienced, you need not dread a very great heartburning in this third relighting of the flames.

How Can She Win Him Back?

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I have been keeping company with a young man seven months. I dearly loved him until somebody came between us and made trouble, and so he stopped calling on me. I am going with another young man now, but I can't take a liking to him, for I loved the first young man. Will you kindly let me know how I can win him back?

S. K. You must remember that you have the feelings of the other young man to consider. You behaved badly when you agreed to keep company with him. Did you not do this a good deal out of spitefulness? Your duty to him is to frankly explain, apologize and let him understand the situation. You probably know the real nature of the trouble which separated you and the young man you really care for. Perhaps you can make some satisfactory explanation to him of the circumstances which caused the trouble; or, if you yourself were in the wrong at the time, you perhaps now feel willing to acknowledge your fault and make any possible reparation. I think it likely that both of you parted in hasty pique, without waiting

long enough to calmly reason over the matter. If such is the case, he may feel as anxious as you to be friends again. A young woman ought not to be first in seeking reconciliation after a lovers' quarrel, unless she was the one at fault. If you feel you were at fault, you might write to the young man and tell him so. Ask his forgiveness, but do not ask him to renew the old relations. That proposition should come from him. It will come quickly enough if he still loves you.

Thoughtless Words Bring Quick Punishment.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am a young girl and have been going with a young man two years. He told me he loved me and I also loved him. He is not of the same religion as I am, and one evening I happened to pass a remark on his religion. I did not mean it for him, but he got angry and sent me a note asking for the return of his letters. I wrote and told him the remark was not intended for him, and I asked him if he was angry. He said "yes." Now do you think that if he ever loved me he would get angry so easily? BROKEN-HEARTED DAISY.

You are learning the old lesson about the bitter consequences which so often follow hasty and thoughtless speaking. I think the young man should accept your apology and put away his resentment. I think you should try very earnestly not to offend in the same way again. If he insists on the return of his letters send them to him without delay.

PAREPA'S SONG.

That night we heard Parepa sing— Do you remember, dear? What love, so long ago? To me it seems but scarce a year. But oh, that night our hearts were light.

And joy was in its spring; For we had learned to love, that night we heard Parepa sing.

Mute, mute, long mute that glorious voice, But, walking home to-night, I passed an open window. All the room within was light.

Deep chords were softly touched, and then I heard a young voice ring.

Clear, passion-thrilled. It was that song we heard Parepa sing.

Rapt on the crowded walk I stood, I could not tear away, You smile! A love-song—what to me, A man whose hair is gray?

Ah! gray, indeed! But Dorothy, My thoughts had taken wing.

Again, a boy, I held your hand, And heard Parepa sing.

—William T. Smyth, in Indianapolis Journal.

ELEVENTH ARTICLE OF SERIES.

How to Have a Beautiful Figure.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.



EXERCISE FOR REDUCING THE ABDOMEN.

This article is especially interesting for girls and women who have written me as to the value of physical culture via the gymnasium.

I cannot understand how the impression has been obtained that I am opposed to gymnasium practice.

On the contrary, I think a good "gym" of the greatest possible value in the development and for the health and well-being of girls and women.

But all girls may not take the time or have not the advantage of a gymnasium which they can enjoy.

Very few married women, relatively speaking, feel justified in taking the time required for getting back and forth, changing one's dress, &c., necessary for gymnasium work. Whereas every woman can find five minutes for free-hand exercises requiring neither special dress nor apparatus. For these reasons I often suggest free-hand exercises.

But, my dear girls, go to a "gym" if you can do so regularly.

The excitement of competition, the fun of practicing with others, all help to make the gymnasium popular, and it often happens that girls who will not do physical culture exercises persistently at home will, under the stimulus of companionship and competition, become accomplished gymnasts.

Prof. Ling, one of the greatest authorities, has well said that the gymnastic value of an exercise depends upon how it combines the greatest effect on the body with simplicity and beauty of performance.

As for any one particular set of exercises which will suit every case—take my word for it—there is none.

If you are going to for gymnasium work for fun—supposing you are a young girl—strong, healthy, nothing at all the matter with you, no defects to correct—you may, to use the popular slang of the moment, take "any old exercises" you like.

They are all good in such cases, provided first, last, and every time, you do not strain yourself or overdo or exercise a moment after you begin to feel tired.

If you are an undeveloped girl—round-shouldered, flat-chested, thin and weakly—you should take general exercises first so that the whole body will be benefited, and later such exercises as will develop local defects.

For example, let no flat-chested girl imagine she will acquire a beautiful pair of symmetrical shoulders and a full bust by taking only exercises especially designed for these particular parts of the body.

Stooping shoulders and cramped chests are the result of a cause. There is always a constitutional or a local weakness of the body which inclines a child to stoop rather than to stand erect.

Of course children are so imitative that they will assume any position they see constantly in older persons, and I have noticed little babies aping the gait and mannerisms of their grandmothers. But usually these attacks of playing at stoop-shoulders are short.

A normal child well and happy is a sturdy little creature, and one has only to look at a group of youngsters folkling about the streets to observe that nine-tenths of them are straight-limbed, broad-chested, fine and proper little



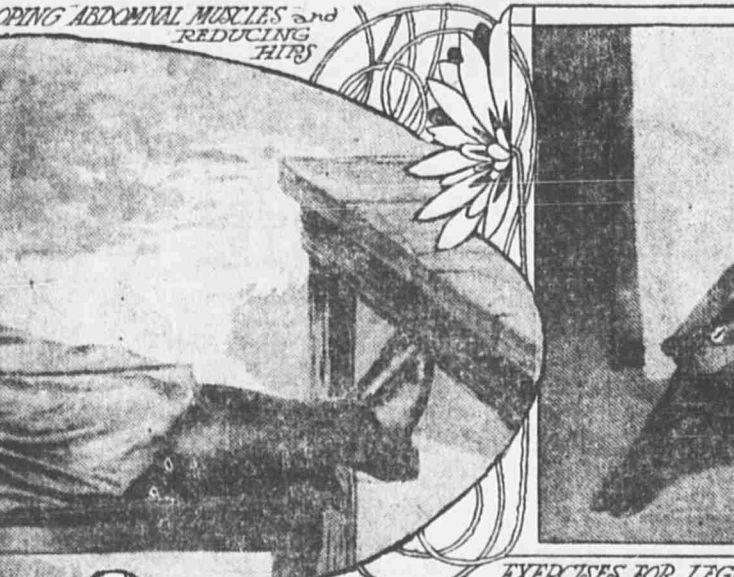
EXERCISE FOR DEVELOPING ABDOMINAL MUSCLES and REDUCING HIPS.



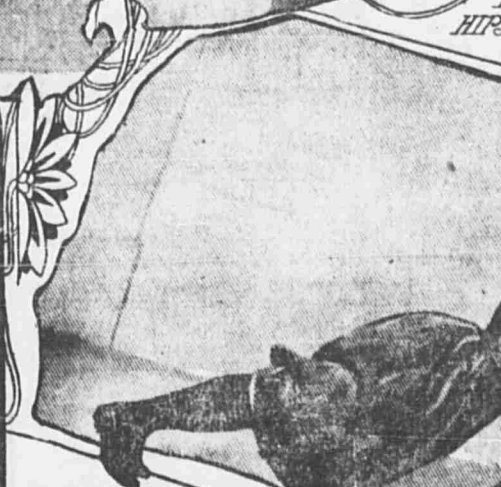
TO STRENGTHEN SPINE, ARMS AND SHOULDERS.

men and women.

The truth will be the boy or girl with spindly-legs, weak ankles and narrow-



EXERCISES FOR LEGS, HIPS AND BACK. RAISE THE LEG TO REDUCE HIPS.



SPLENDID EXERCISE FOR RESTORING CIRCULATION.

rounding shoulders—and you may be agree with me on this point.

The horizontal bar is regarded as the most useful of all the apparatus and I find that the professors of physical culture who fit up private gymnasiums always begin the list with the horizontal bar.

There are innumerable exercises performed by the aid of the bar.

The reach position, which is one of the get-ready attitudes, and the stretching movement, which precedes the vault, should be taught by a good instructor, otherwise the beginner will acquire the habit of pushing the shoulders and abdomen forward and bending the trunk



backwards, faults very difficult to correct and productive of actual harm.

Next to the bars the rope practice usually comes. This is admirable gymnastic work and, womanlike, I call your attention to the fact that the girl or woman who learns the rope exercises can, in case of fire, climb down a rope from any height without hurting the palms of her hands.

The vertical ladder is gymnastic work that particularly delights little girls who crawl through the openings in and out, zig-zag and every which way, and resemble nothing so much as squirrels on a lawless spree in their antics.

The bench exercises are excellent for reducing flesh. And as soon as a pupil is strong enough to do the ring gymnastics no better movements can be devised for strengthening the spine.

But it would take several editions of The Evening World to give you my idea of the work which is good fun, too, and the benefits to be derived from exercises in a well-ventilated gymnasium under the careful supervision of a skilled instructor. Don't select a course for yourself. Let the expert choose your exercises, and beware of overdoing, of straining and exhaustion.

To-morrow's lesson will give exercises for the waist and hips.

CAUSE FOR DISSENSION.

"The trouble between Nora and myself is that each of us happened to call and find the other out on the very same afternoon to discuss the 'Great Why'—why should that cause ill-feeling?"

"Because now we can't make out which owes the other a visit."—Harper's Monthly.

EMILE ZOLA'S ROMANCE OF AN INNOCENT LOVE.

LOVE'S DREAM.

BY EMILE ZOLA.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An embroiderer named Hubert and his wife, at Beaumont, France, adopt a foundling, Angelica Marie, the girl to whom we have been introduced as the daughter of a painter. One evening she sees outside her window a pale, handsome young man who is the ideal of her dream-prince she has long loved.

She later meets the man, who tells her his name is Felicien and that he is a painter of cathedral windows. He avows his love for her.

CHAPTER III. The Betrothal.

YET that evening, from some impulse she could not explain, Angelica slipped from the house and stood in the moonlight.

Suddenly to her surprise Felicien stood before her.

She had caught one other glimpse of him since their old meeting of the afternoon. Just before supper he had, under some pretense, entered the Huberts' shop and become acquainted with the two old people, to whom he had represented himself as a painter on glass.

Now as he came toward her his first words were:

"I lied to your parents."

"Yes," she said, smiling.

"No, you do not know, you cannot know. It is too far for you to understand—I came on glass only for pleasure!"

Then with a quick gesture she put her hand on his mouth. She checked the confidence.

"I do not wish to know—I was waiting for you, and you came, that is sufficient."

He no longer spoke; that little hand on his lips sufficed him with happiness.

"I will know later when the time comes. But then I assure you that I do know already. You can be only the most beautiful, the richest, the noblest, for that dream is my own. I wait quite peacefully; I am sure that it will all be accomplished. You are he whom I hoped for, and I am yours."

Angelica, her two hands open, slipped to her knees. And he, well understood that she had only not answered him by the same cry, "I love you," the eternal cry quivering at last out of her wide-open heart.

"I love you! I belong to you."

Then she hastened back into the house, unable to say or hear more.

The next day was the date set for the installation of the new Bishop at the cathedral. Angelica and the Huberts attended.

At the Bishop appeared in the procession Angelica's eyes were riveted on him.

Where on earth had Angelica known any one who resembled Monsiegnor? Certainly a face resembling this one evoked itself within her.

And there, among the laics who followed, she recognized Felicien on the front rank, slender and fair, clad in evening dress, with his curled hair, his straight nose, rather strong, his black eyes, of a haughty sweetness, she expected him, she was surprised to see him, at last changed into a priest. At the anxious look he cast upon her, his shining garden for his deception, she

answered with a clear smile.

A radiance had passed over her eyelids, she joined her hands, and spoke aloud:

"Oh! Monsiegnor, the son of Monsiegnor!"

Hubertine, startled, murmured:

"The son of Monsiegnor, that boy?"

"Why, certainly, my good lady," said an old beggar woman, who found herself in the group. "Why, yes, the son of Monsiegnor. What? Did you not

bel? You will paint; I will embroider."

Then it was she who once more spoke.

"So, it is all settled?"

"What?" asked he, smiling.

"Our marriage."

But he was already clasping her hands.

"Indeed it is settled. Enough that you wish a thing for me to conquer it in spite of obstacles. I have but one purpose now—that of obeying you."

Then she was radiant.

THE RENUNCIATION.



"I PROMISE TO DO NOTHING TO SEE HIM AGAIN AND TO MAKE HIM MARRY ME."

know? And a fine young man he is, and rich, and rich enough to buy the town if he wished. Millions and millions."

Quite pale, Hubertine listened.

"You surely have heard the story?" continued the old beggar woman. "His mother died in giving him birth, and it was then that Monsiegnor became a priest. Later he has decided to call him here—Felicien VII d'Hauteceuvre—as one might call a reigning prince."

Then Hubertine gave way to a great gesture of grief, while Angelica shone forth, face to face with her dream thus realized.

Just then, Felicien, smiling at her, and she did not see the irritated look of Monsiegnor, who just noticed her standing on the chair, above the crowd, her face flushed, full of pride and passion.

"Ah! my poor child," sighed Hubertine, in despair.

For Hubertine, with a mother's intuition, had guessed the girl's secret, and gazed her from the depths of her heart.

The next evening the lovers met again at the cathedral steps.

Angelica begged Angelica to forgive his deception in not having sooner revealed his identity. This Angelica gladly granted.

He went on to tell her how he had been brought up to understand work.

"And," said she, "how happy we will

Hubertine felt that she had to show herself restless.

What! a little embroiderer, without money, without even a name, to marry Felicien d'Hauteceuvre!

A young man, rich to millions! The last descendant of one of the oldest families of France!

But at each new obstacle Angelica answered quietly:

"Why not?"

And, steadfast in her faith:

"It is strange, mother, how bad you think the world to be! When I tell you that things will turn out all right! Two months ago, you scolded me, you laughed at me, do you remember, and yet I was right, all that I foretold has come to pass."

"But, wretched girl, wait for the end!"

"What do you mean?" asked Angelica.

There was a moment's pause. Then Hubertine said:

"I did not want to cause you so much pain at one time, my darling. But you must know. Last night, when you had

gone upstairs, I questioned the abbe Cornille. I learned why Monsiegnor, who had resided for so long, thought it wise to call his son to Beaumont. One of his great griefs was: the impetuosity of the young man, the haste he showed to live outside of all rules.

Then it was that, fearing some insane movement of the young heart, he made him come here, to marry at once."

"Well?" asked Angelica, not understanding any more.

"A marriage was projected even before his arrival and all seems settled to-day; the abbe Cornille formally told me that the heir was to marry Mlle. Clare de Voinecourt. You know the mansion of the Voinecourts, over there, near the sea-house. They are very intimate with Monsiegnor. On both sides, nothing better could be wished, either as to name or money. The abbe very much approves this union."

"That tall, young lady, so beautiful, so rich—she is going to marry her!"

"Yes, mother, I promise."

"You promise me never to see this young man again, and to think no more of this folly of marrying him?"

At that, her heart failed her, a final rebellion almost raised her to appeal for her love. But soon she bent her head, fully conquered.

"I promise to do nothing to see him again and not to make him marry me."

(To Be Continued.)

LAND OF THE TELEPHONE.

To show how far Stockholm is ahead of other European capitals in the matter of telephone facilities it may be mentioned that while London has 4 mentioned that while London has 4 telephones per 10,000 inhabitants, Paris 7, New York 120 and San Francisco 700, Stockholm reaches the figure of 380, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

In every bedroom in every hotel there is a telephone; every tradesman, warehouse, shop and private dwelling is connected. Even the ordinary washerwoman is on the exchange.

In the streets at nearly every corner is a public kiosk, where on payment of a small coin one can speak not only to any local subscriber but even to one in any other town throughout the length and breadth of Sweden.

NEW TRANSVAAL STAMP.

This is a copy of the first stamp of British Transvaal received in this country. It bears the head of Edward VII, King of England and Emperor of the Dominions Beyond the Sea. It is a melancholy reminder of the death of the latter monarch.

Material required for the medium size (4 years) is for coat 4-4 yards 21 inches wide, 4-4 yards 4 inches wide or 2-4 yards 21 inches wide, for skirt 2 yards 21 inches wide, 4-4 yards 4 inches wide or 1-4 yards 21 inches wide.

The coat pattern, No. 4138, is cut in sizes for misses of 12, 14 and 16 years. It will be mailed for 10 cents. The skirt pattern, No. 4139, is cut in sizes for misses of 12, 14 and 16 years of age. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

If both patterns are wanted send 20 cents.

If in a hurry for your patterns send an extra 2-cent stamp for each pattern and they will be promptly mailed by letter post in sealed envelopes.

Write to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

And in a few weeks she began telling me, in a confidential flow of words of that box-making, living the most details over again, buying herself at making them sweet and clear.

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